

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

The Old man told me long ago Hard work ,Keep your bowls open and trust in God

Poem.

In days of old, a wise man spoke, His words adorned with wisdom's cloak, "Keep your bowls open," he kindly said, "And trust in God, where'er you tread."

With eyes of age, he gazed ahead, A life well-lived, each line he read, His voice a gentle, guiding breeze, Whispering secrets, wisdom's keys.

"Keep your bowls open," he did repeat, A message simple, yet so complete, For in our hearts, abundance lies, When open vessels, we realize.

Let not fear seal our tender hearts, Nor greed obstruct life's gracious arts, But open wide to give and share, The blessings found in love's sweet lair.

And trust in God, the old man claimed, For in divine hands, we're gently framed, When shadows cast their daunting might, His grace shall guide us through the night.

In darkest hours, when doubts arise, And storms obscure hope's endless skies, Have faith in God, a steadfast rock, Who lifts us up from life's cruel knock.

For He is there, both near and far, The guiding light, our guiding star, In every step, in every choice, He whispers softly, hears our voice.

So heed those words from long ago, Embrace the wisdom they bestow, Keep your bowls open, hearts aglow, And trust in God, wherever you go.

By Donald Jay